

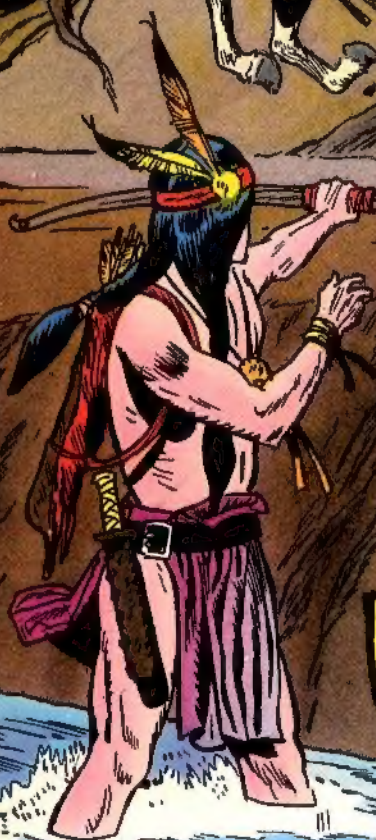


ALL NEW



CHEYENNE KID

NO. 99
NOV.
00095
73/CDC



ANOTHER
QUIET DAY IN
**HAPPY
VALLEY**

CAPT. J.T. CHENERY ORDERED THE CHEYENNE KID TO DRIVE THE BUCK-BOARD.. BOLTED ON THE BACK WAS THE OAK-AND-IRON CHEST CONTAINING \$17,000, THE OVER-DUE PAYROLL FOR CAPT. CHENERY'S 7TH CAVALRY CO. STATIONED AT THREE FORKS..IT LOOKED LIKE AN EASY ASSIGNMENT UNTIL.....

CHEYENNE KID

TROUBLE NOW..I'M LOSIN' A WHEEL!

EDITOR
GEO. WILDMAN
SCRIPT
JOE GILL
ART
PAT BOYETTE/.



THE PAY-OFF

THIS 'WAR PARTY' WON'T LEAVE ANY WITNESSES ALIVE!



D-5376

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nomscans

DO IT QUICK,
TALBOT!



I'VE BEEN ACHIN' TA
KNOCK THIS GENT OFF
FOR A LONG TIME!



ONE WHITE MAN
KILLS ANOTHER! GOOD!

NOT GOOD...
MAN ON THE
GROUND IS
CHEYENNE
KID!



BOSS SEZ SMASH OPEN THE
CASH BOX.. TAKE THE CASH AN'
HEAD INTUH THE BADLANDS!





HOSTILES... LET'S
GET OUTA HERE!



COME ON.. I'M NOT GETTIN'
SCALPED OVER ANY ARMY
PAYROLL!



GET UP, CHEYENNE
WEAKLING!

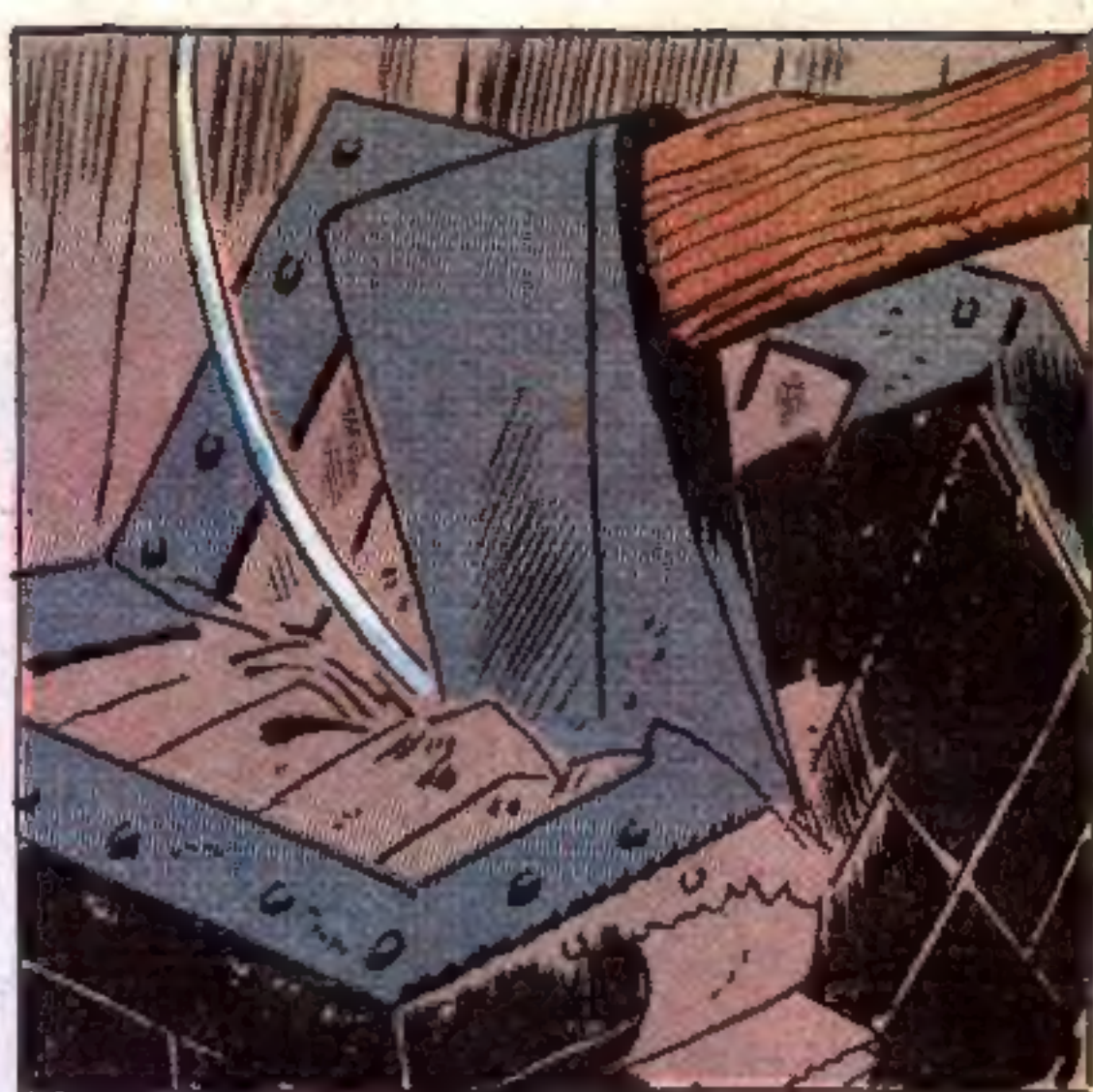


I WAS NEVER SO GLAD TO SEE
A PAIUTE HORSE THIEF IN MY
LIFE! WHERE ARE THE OTHER
INJUNS?



WHITE MEN.. TOO FAT
.. RIDE BACK THE WAY
THEY CAME! THEY
SCARE EASY, CHEYENNE!
ALL YOU WHITE HARD-
CASES SAME... LIKE
SQUAWS!

IF I DIDN'T
HAVE A BUSTED
BACK, I'D
MAKE YUH EAT
THEM WORDS,
YUH PAIUTE
DUDE!



ONE OF THE PAUTES KILLED SOME GAME... THIS WAS FOR DINNER LATER ANYHOW... THEN FIGHTING BEAVER, CHEYENNE'S OLD BUDDY AND RIVAL, INSISTED ON SOME REALISM!



THEY FIND HAT AND
BOOT.. THEY THINK
CHEYENNE DEAD!

YEAH..THAT'S THE GENERAL
IDEA, FIGHTING BEAVER!



IT'LL GIVE ME TIME TO FIND OUT
WHO THAT BUNCH OF BUSHWHACKERS
IS WORKING FOR AND..WHY!



WE HUNT IN MOUNTAINS,
COUSIN! YOU NEED HELP
..MAKE BIG SMOKE...
WE COME QUICK!

THANKS, BEAVER!
NOW, RIDE UP
ALONG THE RIDGES
.. DON'T LEAVE A
TRAIL THE ARMY
TRACKERS CAN
FOLLOW!



THE PHONEY INDIANS WHO TRIED TUH
KILL ME RODE NORTH...



THE BOSS IS LIABLE TUH BUST SOME SKULLS
OVER THE WAY WE BUNGLED THIS JOB!

HE WANTED IT TUH LOOK LIKE
INJUNS HELD UP THE PAYROLL
WAGON! CHANCES ARE THEY
KILLED CHEYENNE ANYHOW!



THE CHEYENNE KID HEARD IT FIRST, LONG BEFORE THE OUTLAWS PICKED UP THE SOUND OF THE APPROACHING HORSE! CHEYENNE HEARD THE SOUND OF STEEL-SHOD HOOVES ON ROCK AND THEN...

I FOUND THE SMASHED WAGON.. YOU DID WELL! WHERE DID YOU HIDE THE BODY?

SOME REAL HOSTILE INJUNS SHOT US UP AND WE FOGGED OUTA THERE! THEY PROBABLY KILLED THE CHEYENNE KID AND HID HIS BODY OFF INTUH THE BRUSH!

I SAW BLOOD AND THEY DRAGGED HIS BODY.. BUT I DIDN'T FOLLOW THE TRAIL BECAUSE IT GOT DARK!

I'LL TURN OUT A PLATOON TO SEARCH FOR THE THIEVES SOME TIME TOMORROW.. THE IMPORTANT THING IS, THEY WON'T FIND THE PAYROLL CASH BOX!

CHENERY NEVER SHIPPED A PAYROLL.. HE HAD ME BUSHWHACKED JUST TO COVER HIS THEFT!

NO REAL ARMY CAPTAIN WOULD JEOPARDIZE HIS CAREER FOR A PAYROLL! THIS ONE MUST BE A PHONEY!

THE CHEYENNE KID WAITED UNTIL DAWN... THEN, HE WAS AN INVISIBLE GHOST TRAILING THE OUTLAWS WHO'D TRIED TO KILL HIM.. AND WHO... SOMEWHERE, HAD A STOLEN ARMY PAYROLL HIDDEN!

THEY'RE HEADING UP INTO SNAKE VALLEY..THERE'S AN ABANDONED RANCH UP THERE!

IT TOOK THE CHEYENNE KID ONLY A MOMENT TO PILE DRY MESQUITE, FIRE IT, THEN DUMP A HEAP OF STILL GREEN LEAVES ON TOP... THEN HE RESUMED HIS PURSUIT OF CHENERY'S GANG!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, MISTER! YOU CAN'T DECEIVE THE U.S. ARMY FOR VERY LONG!

I'M NOT GOING TO TRY, CHENERY! I GOT THE PAYROLL!

I LET MYSELF GET TRAPPED..THIS GENT IS ABOUT TO SLUG ME.. OR PULL THE TRIGGER!

QUICK.. OUTSIDE!

POW

WE SEE YOUR SMOKE SIGNAL...WE WAIT...WE READY!

ALL RIGHT, MISTER..YOU'RE GOING BACK TO THE FORT!

CAPT. J.T. CHENERY AND THE STOLEN PAYROLL WERE RETURNED TO THE FORT, AND ENOUGH CHARGES WERE MADE AGAINST THE OUTLAWS TO TAKE THEM OUT OF CIRCULATION 'TILL THEY HAD LONG WHITE BEARDS!

THANKS, CHEYENNE! NOW IF THERE'S ANY FAVOR I CAN DO FOR YOU...

GIVE ME MY BACK PAY.. I'VE GOT A MONTH OFF.. I AIM TO SPEND IT HUNTIN' WITH THE PAUTES!

THE END

the UNFINISHED SENTENCES

John Henry Whitmore was born on March 7, 1810, and he died on September 14, 1903. So you can see he had a rather long life span. During that period of almost a century, he managed to cram a lot of experiences into his existence. He was a mule driver, a miner, an explorer, a soldier, a college student, a lawyer, a judge, an inventor, and an ambassador. No doubt I missed out on some things.

He had one peculiar failing. He would begin a sentence and then never finish it. He'd go on to another sentence and not finish it. His friends said this was because his mind was so active. Thus he would start:

"I missed the train to Kansas City ..."; switch to "I do not believe we have been ..."; switch to "That new rifle works very ..."; etc. Of course, there were times when he did finish sentences.

For a number of years, he and Walter Perkins were very good and close friends. Walter Perkins would often remark to him:

"It can be very annoying when a person who doesn't know you well listens to you speak. You start a sentence and never finish it. However, I assume you figure the person is so intelligent that he knows just what you want to say."

Then one day, Walter Perkins decided to try his luck out West. A new area was being opened by Presidential proclamation. Business wasn't so good out here in the East. Maybe a new start would be a good idea. He joined a wagon train. The Indians attacked it, and he was one of the few survivors — not a good start for a man who wanted to make his fortune. He came to the town of Echoville. He got into a card game and lost every cent. The only job he could find was to be what we would call today, "sanitation man." In those days he was a garbage collector. Then he got a job on a ranch as a cowboy. Fortunately, he could ride a horse.

The growing West needed a strong judge to hand down tough sentences, and so John Henry Whitmore found himself with a special appointment as a judge in the third district which covered the area in which Walter Perkins was working. But, things were bad at the ranch. So that unlucky fellow soon found himself on his horse headed someplace. He stopped at the side of a hill and noticed on the ground a small, smothering fire. He dismounted to look around. He picked up an

iron and then it happened!

Five men on horseback soon surrounded him, and two of them pointed six - guns at him.

"We got him finally," shouted one of the men. "He must be the head rustler — sent the others ahead with the cattle they took from our ranches. Let's teach him a lesson right here and now!"

"I say we hang him to the nearest tree, and leave his body there for the buzzards to get," suggested a second man.

"No tree around here for a hanging," pointed out the third man. "I got a better idea. Let's do this according to the law. We now got a tough judge who knows what to do with fellows like him. So we take him to the jail. Let the law hang him!"

They tied Walter Perkins' hands, put him back on his horse, and then took him to the jail. He remained there only one day. He and his captors were now before the Honorable Judge John Henry Whitmore. If he did at that moment show any sign of recognizing his dear friend, his face did not betray it. He listened to the overwhelming evidence given by the captors.

"The time has come," said one of them, "for us to have an object lesson. Nothing worse than a rustler unless maybe it is a snake. You can't hang a snake. You shoot it."

"What do you have to say for yourself?" questioned his honor. "Guilty or not guilty?"

"You won't believe it," sighed the unfortunate man. "But I was just riding my horse headed south looking for a job — any kind of a job. But I have always been honest."

"I sentence you to ..." began the judge, and then he stopped.

"They say he does this sometimes — stops in the middle of a sentence. But how come? But in the middle of a sentence that is a sentence? Guess we have to wait. Maybe until tomorrow. It is getting late now," said one of the captors.

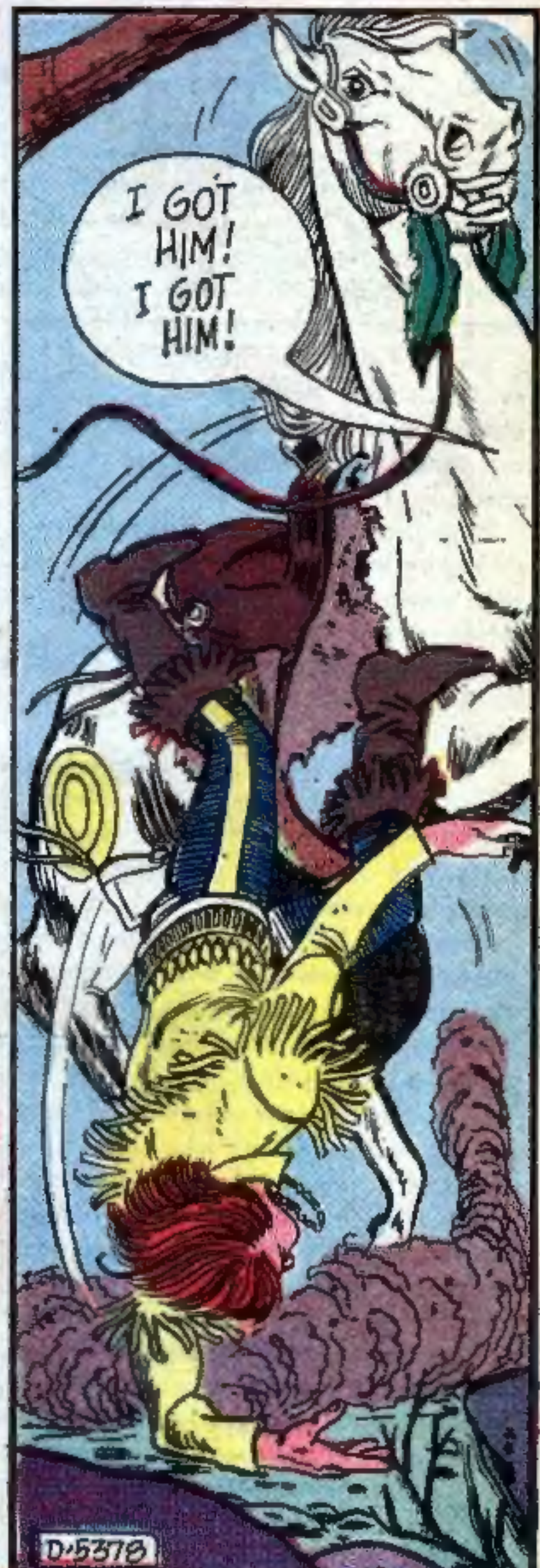
So they took poor Walter Perkins back to his cell. Two hours later, a group of special deputies brought in the entire gang of rustlers. They cleared the innocent man. The Judge said to his friend:

"Tell me, isn't this one time you were glad I didn't finish the sentence?"

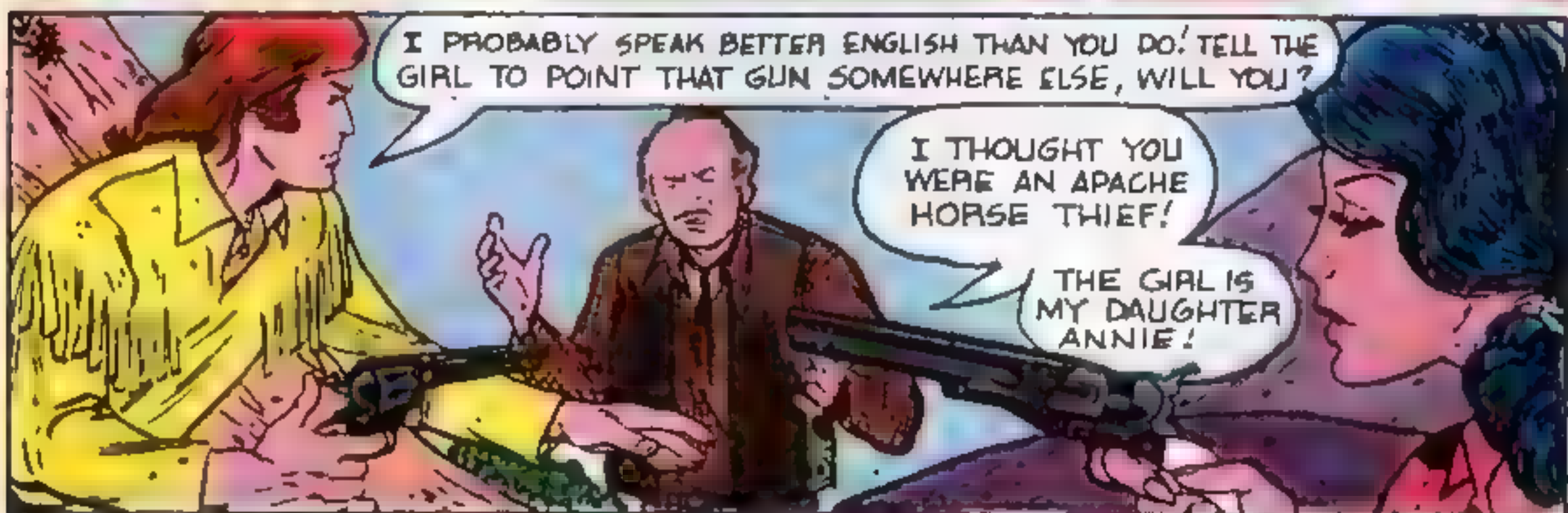
Apache Red

HE RODE A LONELY TRAIL, THIS SON OF A RED-HEADED IRISH SCHOOL TEACHER AND EL ROJO, THE APACHE WAR CHIEF WHO KIDNAPED THE IRISH BEAUTY AND MADE HER HIS APACHE BRIDE! **ROJITO**, THEY CALLED HIM WHEN HE WAS A BOY GROWING UP IN THE APACHE VILLAGE....WHEN HE WAS A GROWN MAN, A MAN TO BE RECKONED WITH, MEN SPOKE OF HIM WITH RESPECT....AND THEY CALLED HIM **APACHE RED**! BUT ALTHOUGH HE MEANT HARM TO NO MAN....NOT EVERYONE FELT THE SAME TOWARD HIM! TO THEM HE WAS

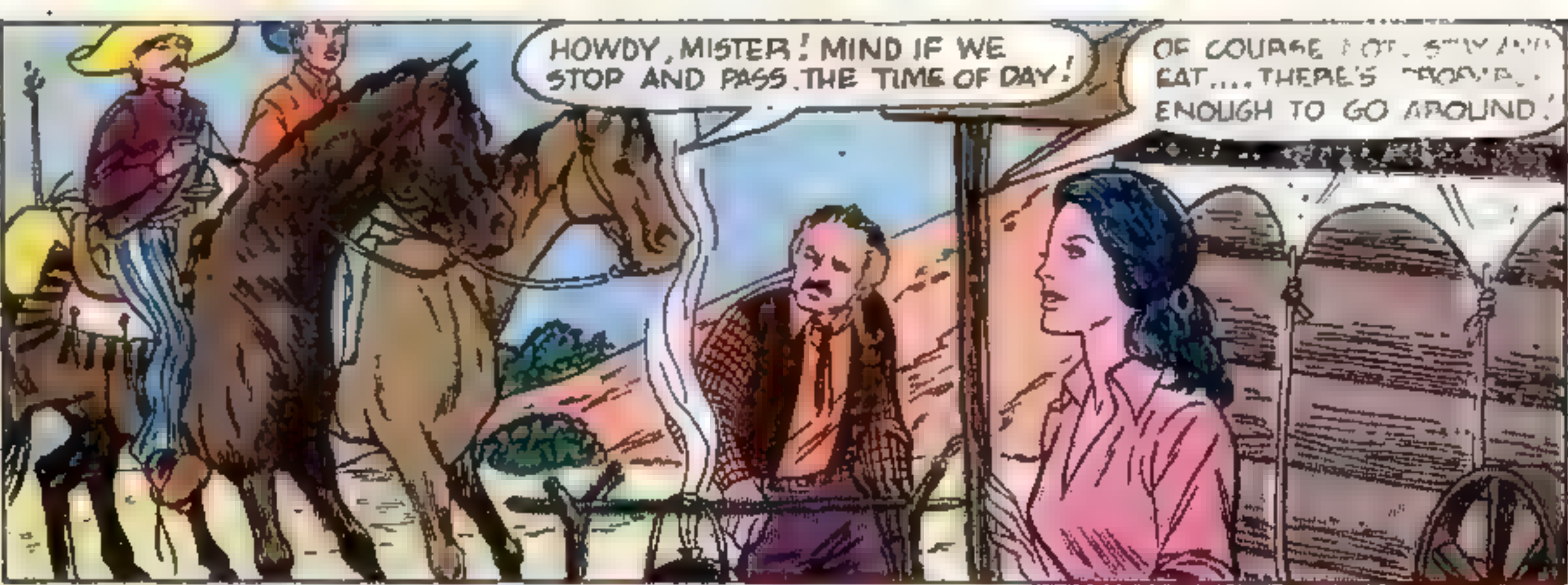
THE ENEMY



* APACHE (AH-PAH' CHA) - IS AN INDIAN WORD WHICH MEANS 'THE ENEMY'.

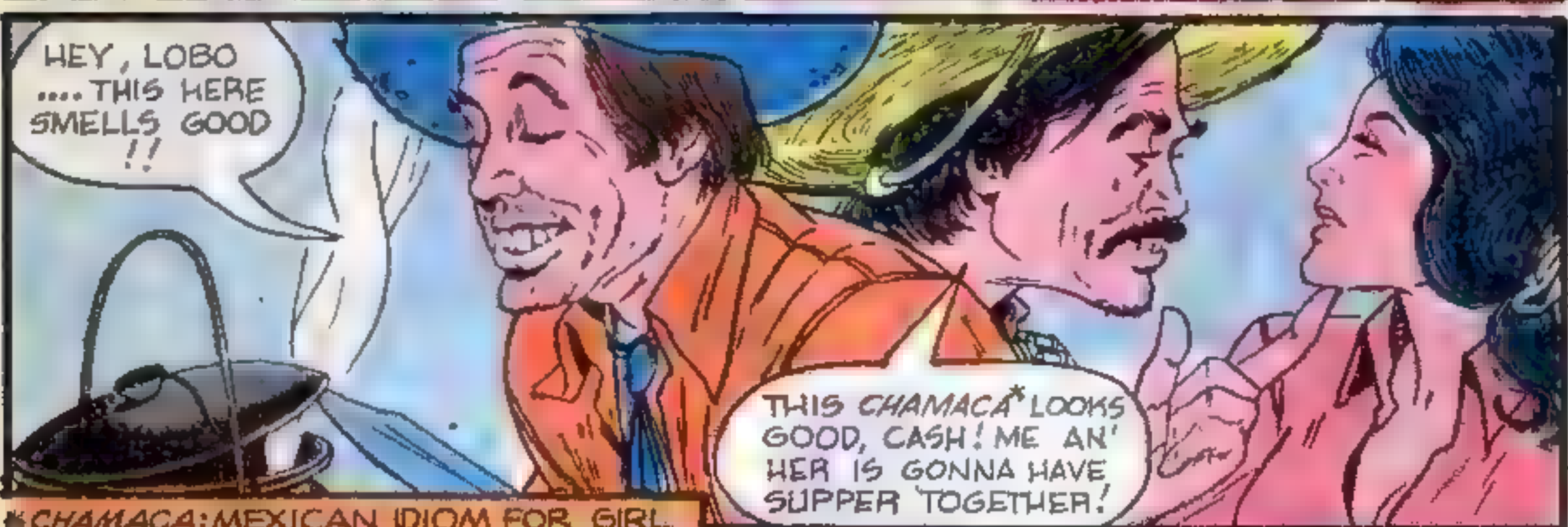


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HOWDY, MISTER! MIND IF WE STOP AND PASS THE TIME OF DAY!

OF COURSE NOT. STAY AND EAT... THERE'S FOOD ENOUGH TO GO AROUND!



HEY, LOBO ... THIS HERE SMELLS GOOD !!

THIS CHAMACA* LOOKS GOOD, CASH! ME AN' HER IS GONNA HAVE SUPPER TOGETHER!

*CHAMACA: MEXICAN IDIOM FOR GIRL



COME ON, SWEETIE, BE FRIENDLY!

YOU'D BETTER LET ME GO!!

LET 'EM BE, FARMER! IT'S JUST A LOVER'S QUARREL!!



DON'T PRETEND YOU DON'T LIKE A.... OOOWWW!

I WARNED YOU.... LET ME GO!!



SLEEP

GO RIGHT AHEAD, LOBO
... THE FARMER AIN'T
GONNA DO A THING !

MAW TOLD
ME TO STAY
OUT OF
TROUBLE
....

...BUT I
NEVER DO !

I'LL
KILL YOU,
INJUN....

YA LITTLE
HELLCAT!!

SPLAAT

WHAAP

WELL, WELL.... IF IT AIN'T
THE RED-HEADED APACHE !
HEY, CASH... LOOK WHO'S
HERE !

I WAS GONNA PUT A
SLUG IN HIM, LOBO...
WHY DIDN'T YOU FINISH
HIM OFF ?

I GOT A BETTER
IDEA, CASH ! YOU
KNOW WHO HIS
OLD MAN IS ?

HIS OLD MAN IS EL ROJO...
THE APACHE WAR CHIEF....
THE ONE WHO'S SITTIN' ON
THAT SILVER LOBE UP ON
APACHE PEAK !



WE ALL KNOW IT'S THERE, APACHE.... UNLESS EL ROJO WANTS YOU DEAD, HE'LL SEND OUT A TON OF SILVER!

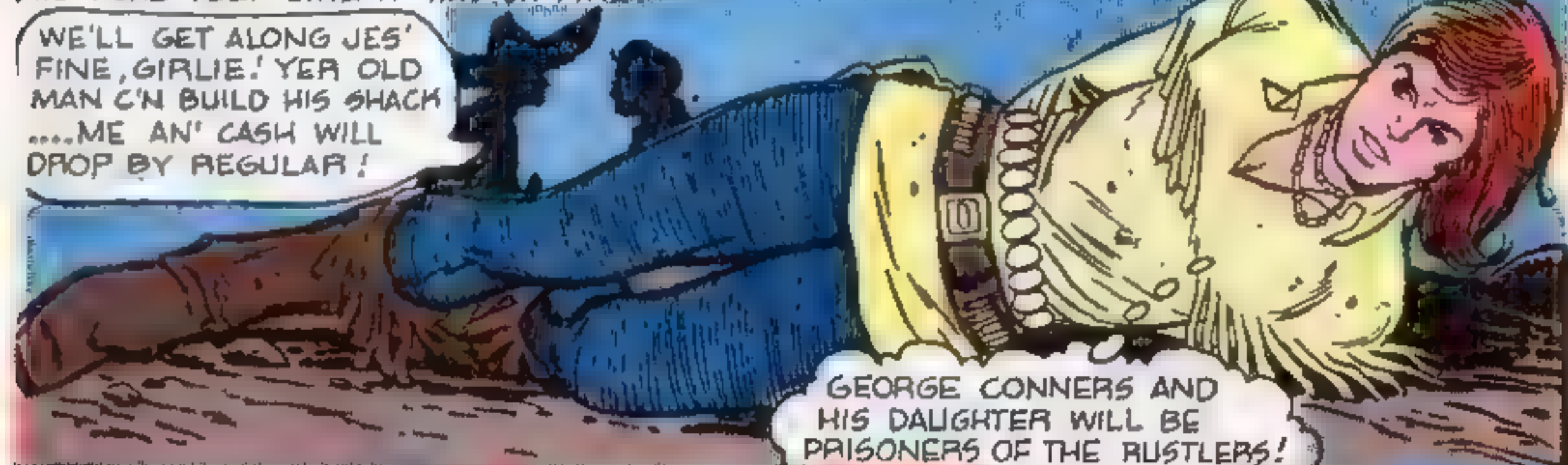
THERE IS NO SILVER ON APACHE PEAK.... THAT'S A MYTH STARTED BY A PACK OF FOOLS LIKE YOU!



LET HIM ALONE !!

DON'T LAY NO BAD NAMES ON US, INJUN!

WHEN APACHE RED REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, IT WAS DARK... AND HIS HEAD FELT LIKE IT WAS ON FIRE!



WE'LL GET ALONG JES' FINE, GIRLIE! YER OLD MAN C'N BUILD HIS SHACKME AN' CASH WILL DROP BY REGULAR!

GEORGE CONNERS AND HIS DAUGHTER WILL BE PRISONERS OF THE RUSTLERS!



HMM... A PIECE OF SHARP FLINTSTONE... THE KIND MY APACHE BROTHERS USE TO MAKE ARROWHEADS! MAYBE



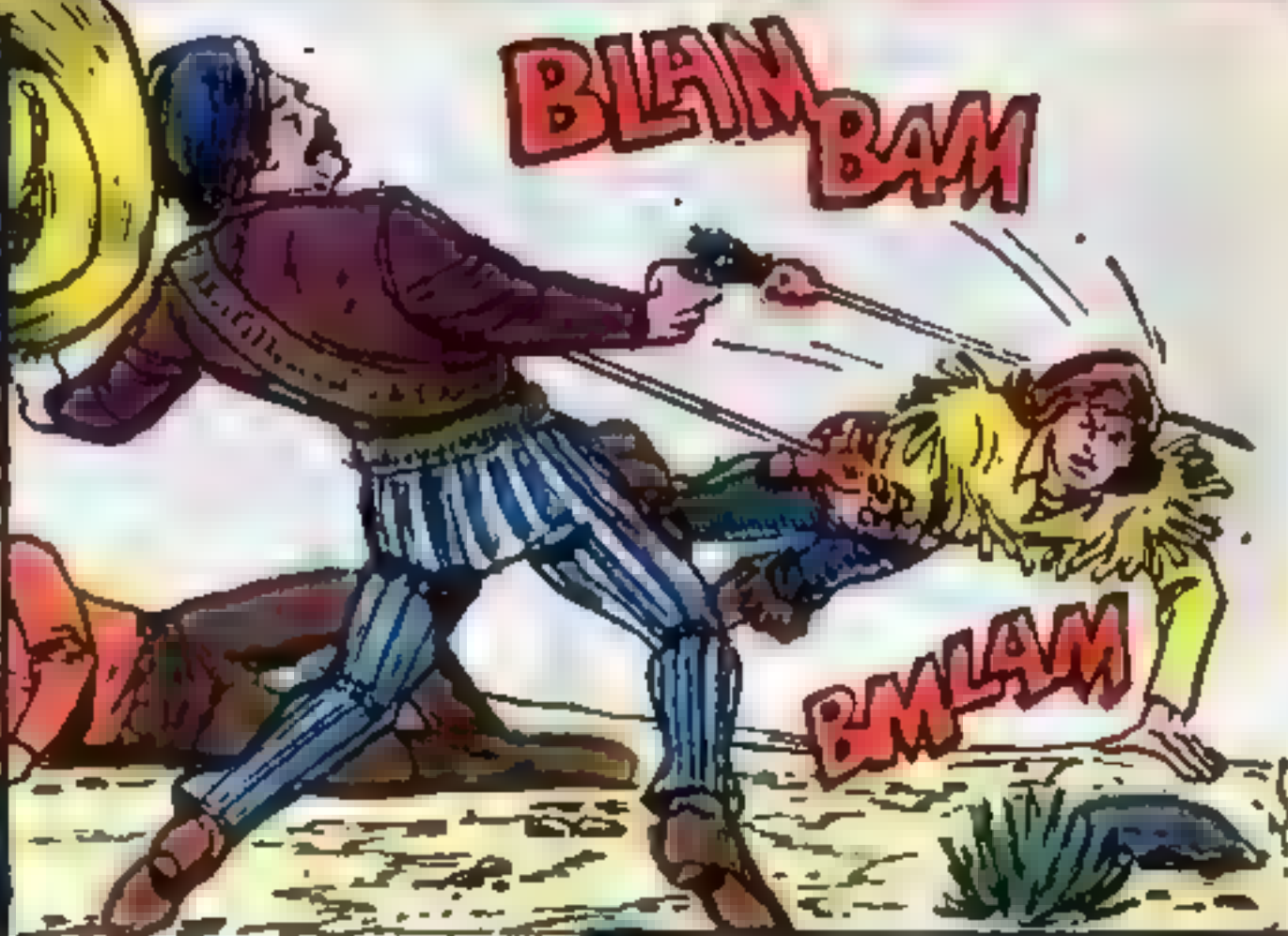
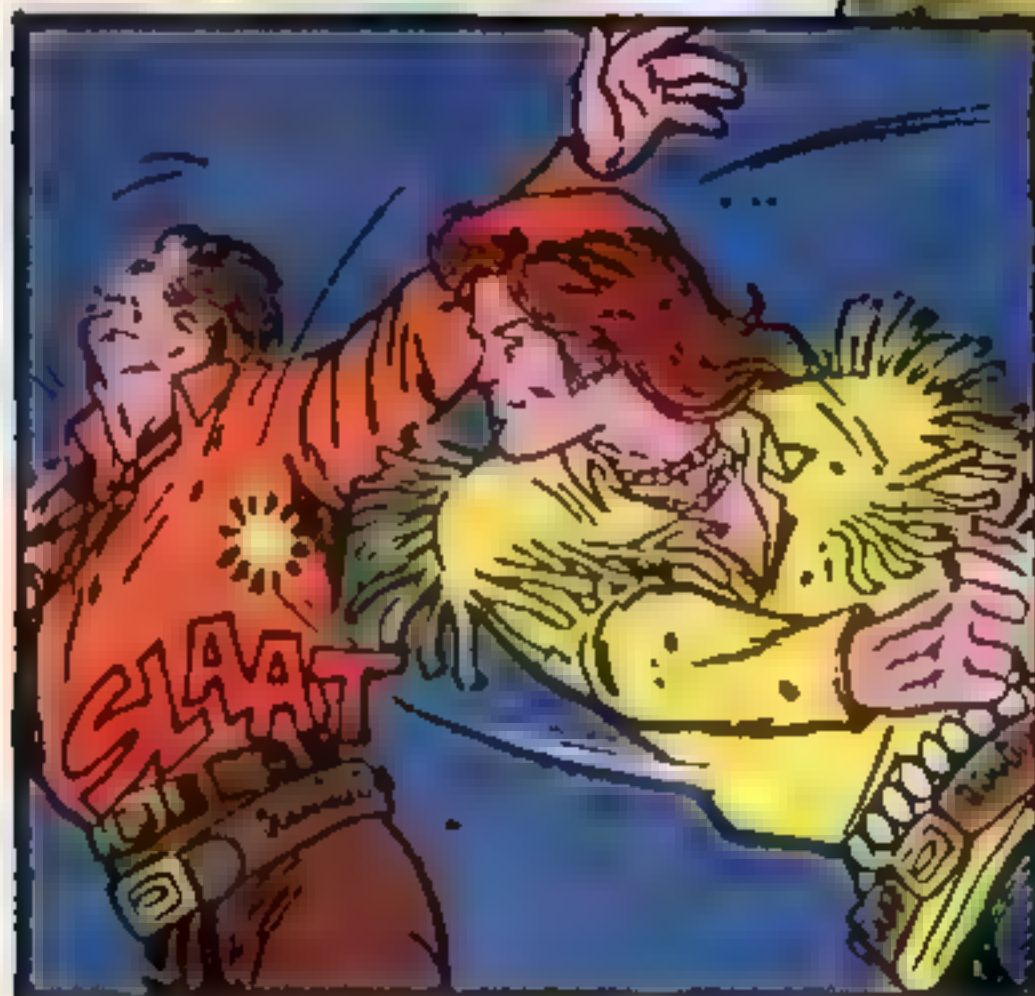
....I CAN CUT MYSELF FREE!



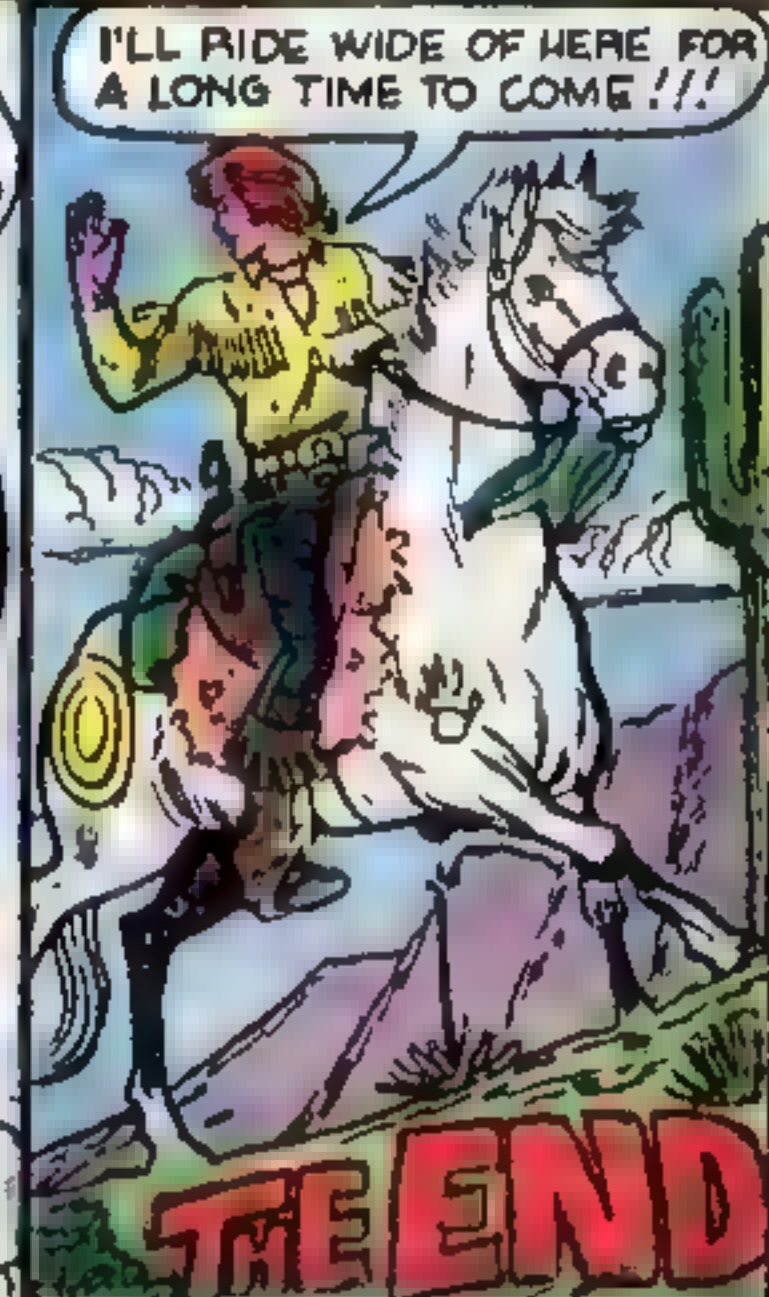
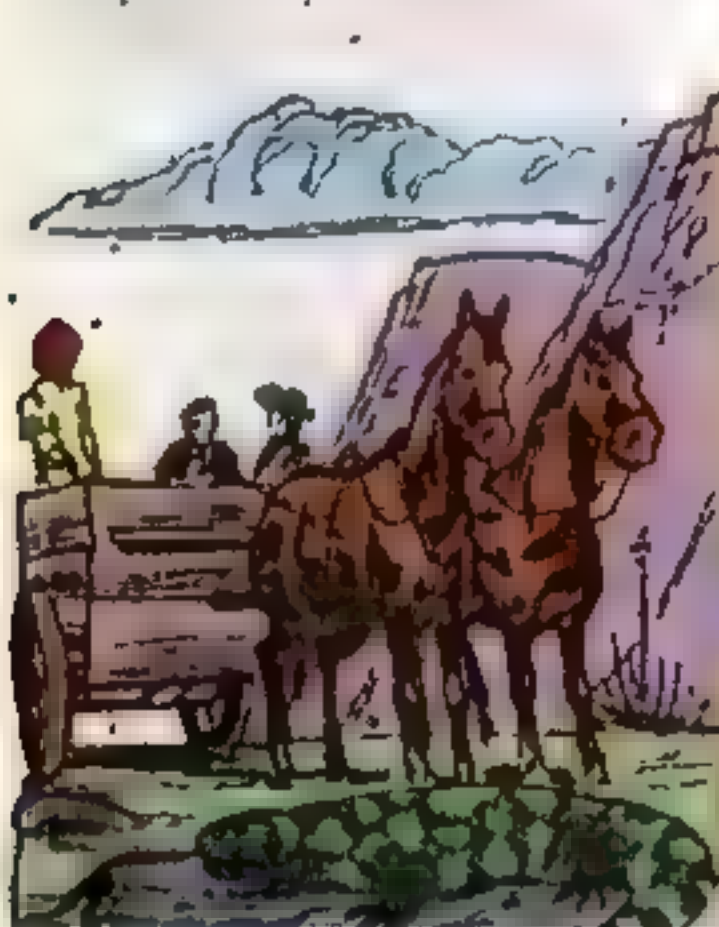
NO SENSE WASTIN' TIME I'LL PUT A .45 SLUG IN THAT INJUN NOW!

CLINK

CASH SALINTERED OVER...HE THUMBED BACK THE S&W .45 HAMMER AND HIS FINGER, TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGER! APACHE RED HAD NEVER BEEN CLOSER TO THE GREAT BEYOND !!



APACHE RED HELPED GEORGE CONNERS LOAD A DEAD MAN AND A TIED PRISONER ON HIS WAGONNO QUESTIONS WOULD BE ASKED....THEY WERE KNOWN OUTLAWS!



PLEASE COME BACK APACHE RED !!

THIS ONE MIGHT GET SERIOUS....

I'LL RIDE WIDE OF HERE FOR A LONG TIME TO COME !!!

THE END

CHEYENNE KID

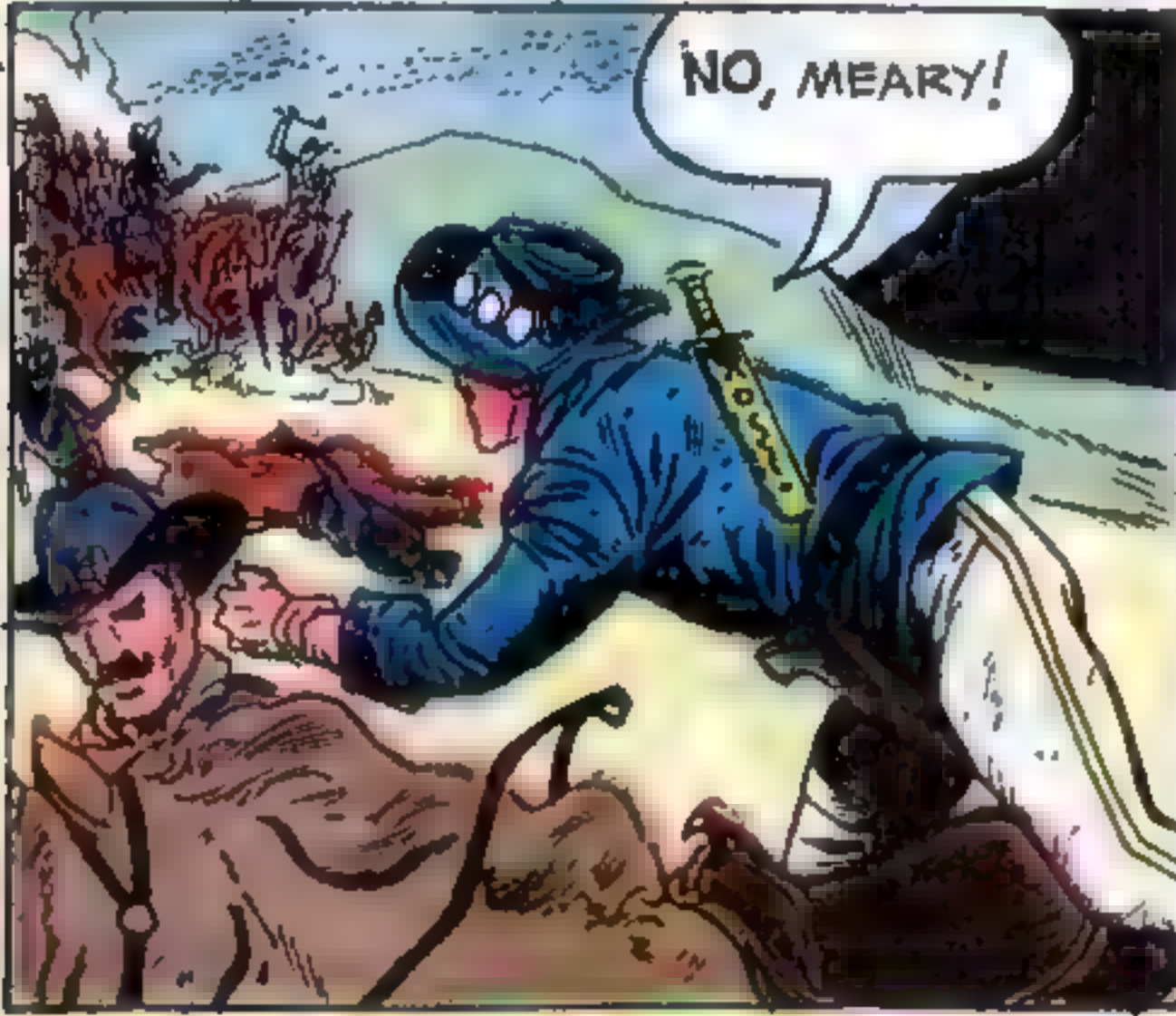
THE CHEYENNE KID WAS THERE WHEN THE KIOWA WARRIORS FOUGHT THEIR LAST VALIANT BATTLE.. IN FACT, HE SAVED THE LIFE OF THEIR WAR CHIEF, RUNNING ELK!

NOW..YOU CAN DIE, INJUN!

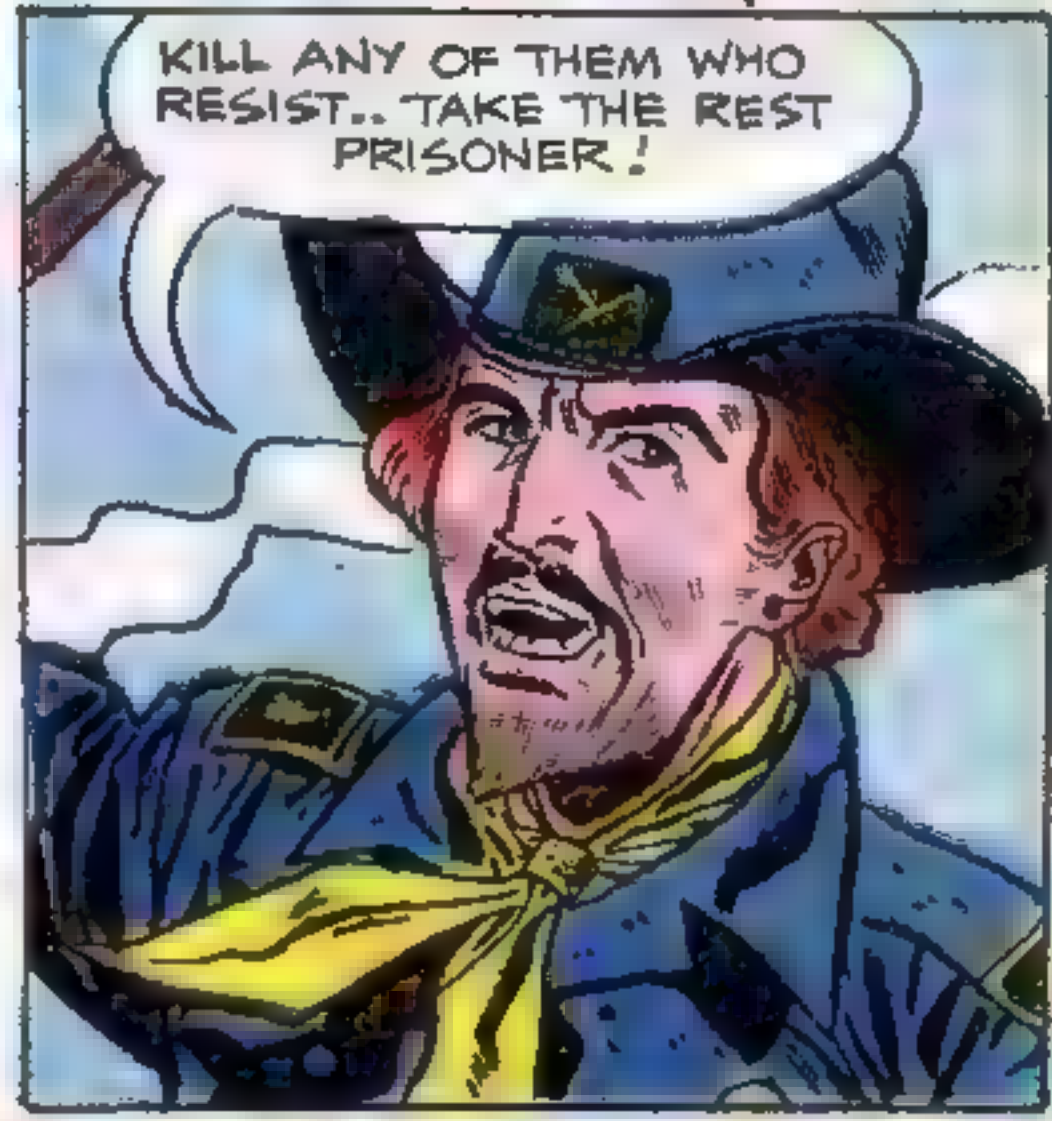
NO!



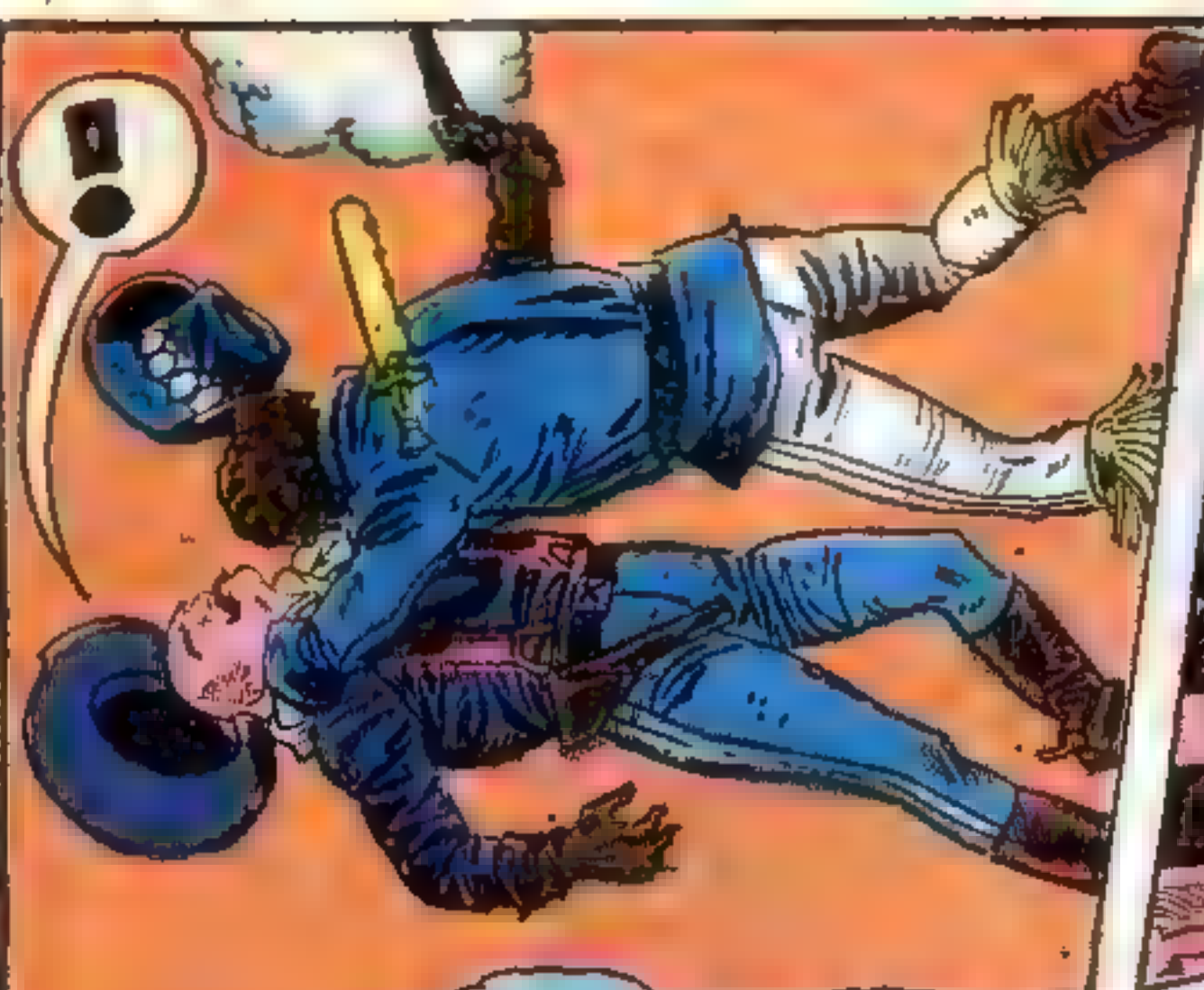
NO, MEARY!



KILL ANY OF THEM WHO RESIST.. TAKE THE REST PRISONER!



HAPPY VALLEY



WHY YOU NOT
LET HIM KILL ME,
CHEYENNE?

YOUR PEOPLE
ARE GOING TO
NEED YOU,
RUNNING ELK!
BUT FIRST—
WE'VE GOT TO
TAKE CARE OF
THAT LEG
WOUND!



YOU COULD HAVE
SERIOUSLY INJURED
SGT. MEARY, CHEYENNE!
WHO IS THAT RED
RASCAL?

RUNNING ELK!
WE'LL NEED
HIM TO QUIET
DOWN THE
KIOWAS!

RUNNING ELK
SHOWED NONE
OF THE PAIN AS
THE POST SUR-
GEON WORKED
ON HIM...

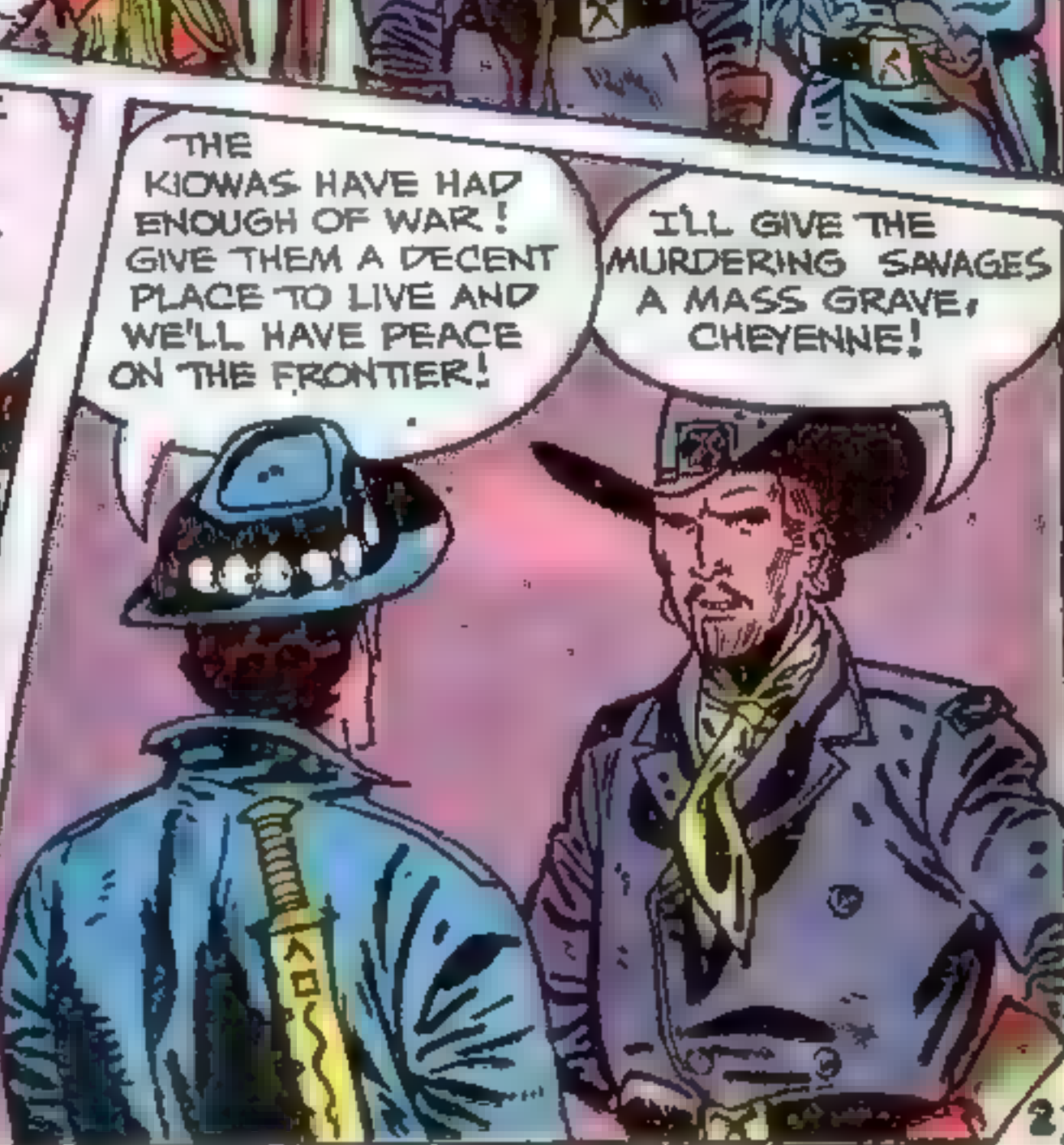


THE INDIAN AGENT
FROM WASHINGTON
WILL GIVE THE KIOWA
PEOPLE A BIG RESER-
VATION..THEY WILL
SUPPLY FLOUR, BEANS,
AN' CATTLE BESIDES!

BIG TALK..YOUR
SOLDIER CHIEF
IS A MAN WITH
MANY HATES...
HE GIVE KIOWA
NOTHING..YOU
ASK HIM!

THE
KIOWAS HAVE HAD
ENOUGH OF WAR!
GIVE THEM A DECENT
PLACE TO LIVE AND
WE'LL HAVE PEACE
ON THE FRONTIER!

I'LL GIVE THE
MURDERING SAVAGES
A MASS GRAVE,
CHEYENNE!



IT'S CAREER OFFICERS LIKE YOU WHO'VE KEPT THE FRONTIER WAR GOIN', POWELL! LUCKILY, BY LAW, THE KIWAS WILL HAVE TO BE ASSIGNED A DECENT RESERVATION!

THAT'LL BE MY JOB...

...TO PICK AN AREA.. THAT I THINK WILL BE SUITABLE FOR THOSE CREATURES! I ASSURE YOU...THEY'LL GET EXACTLY WHAT THEY DESERVE!

THE KIWAS WERE ROUNDED UP...HELD IN HUGE CORRALS UNDER ARMED GUARD...

DIDJA HERE, CHEYENNE? THE COLONEL JUST RODE BACK FROM SNAKE HILLS.. THAT'S WHERE HE'S GONNA PUT THE KIWAS!

SNAKE HILLS! NOTHING LIVES IN THAT AREA... THERE'S NO GRASS OR TREES... NO BUFFALO.. NOTHING TO HUNT...THEY CAN'T GROW A CROP!

THAT'S ABOUT RIGHT, CHEYENNE! IT'S JUST WHAT POWELL HAD IN MIND FOR ALL THEM SAVAGES!

THIS IS WHAT I HAD IN MIND FOR YOU!



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

LATER THAT DAY, CHEYENNE WAS CALLED IN TO COL. POWELL'S OFFICE. INDIAN AGENT JOHN BARR WAS THERE LOOKING AT A LARGE MAP!

MR. BARR.. THIS IS OUR INDIAN SCOUT! CHEYENNE WILL CONFIRM THAT 'HAPPY' VALLEY IS A FINE PLACE FOR A RESERVATION!

HAPPY VALLEY! THAT'S NOT THE RIGHT NAME FOR THAT PLACE, SIR!

THE REAL NAME FOR THE AREA IS SNAKE VALLEY.. IT'S MISERABLE ROCK AND SAND.. THE KIWAS WON'T STAY THERE A MONTH!

I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

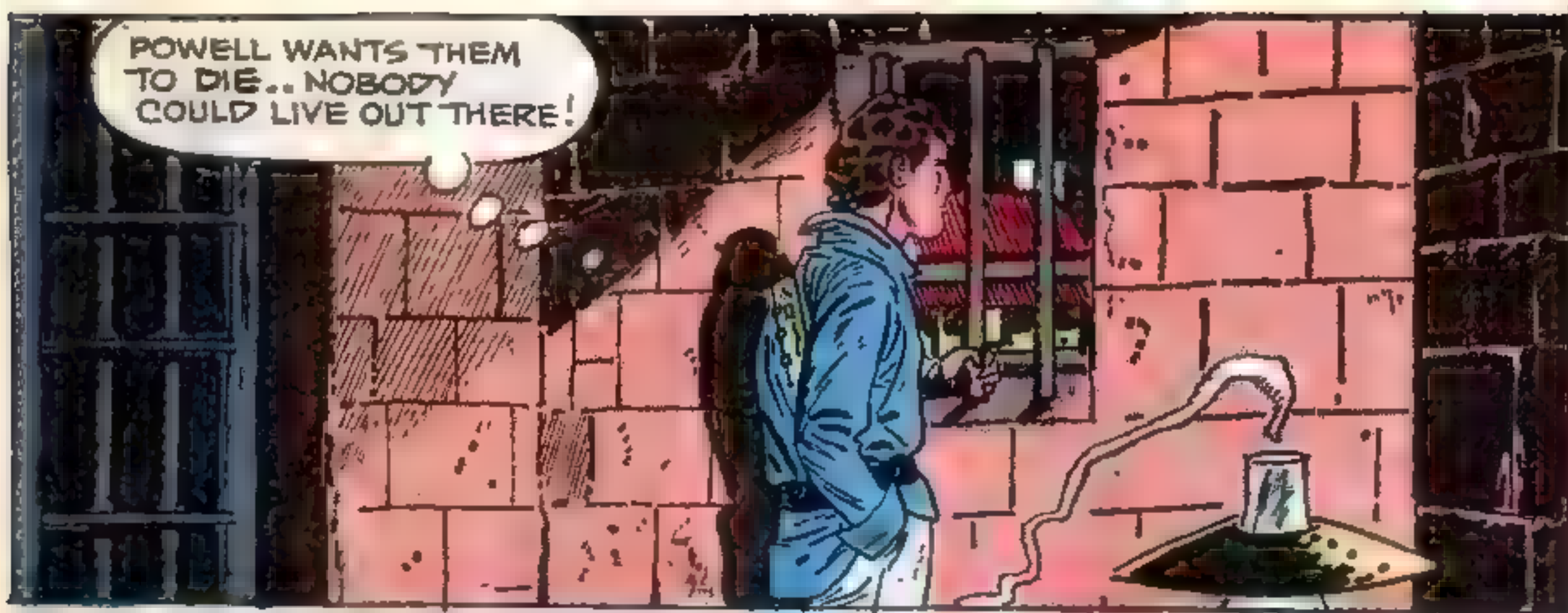
LIEUTENANT, PLACE THIS LYING SCOUNDREL UNDER ARREST! I'LL SPECIFY THE CHARGES LATER!

IN THE CELL, THE CHEYENNE KID WAS TOLD.. THE INDIAN AGENT HAD ACCEPTED COLONEL POWELL'S RECOMMENDATION.. THE FUTURE HOME OF THE KIWAS WOULD BE IN SNAKE VALLEY.. BUT HENCEFORTH, ON ALL GOVERNMENT MAPS, IT WOULD BE... HAPPY VALLEY!

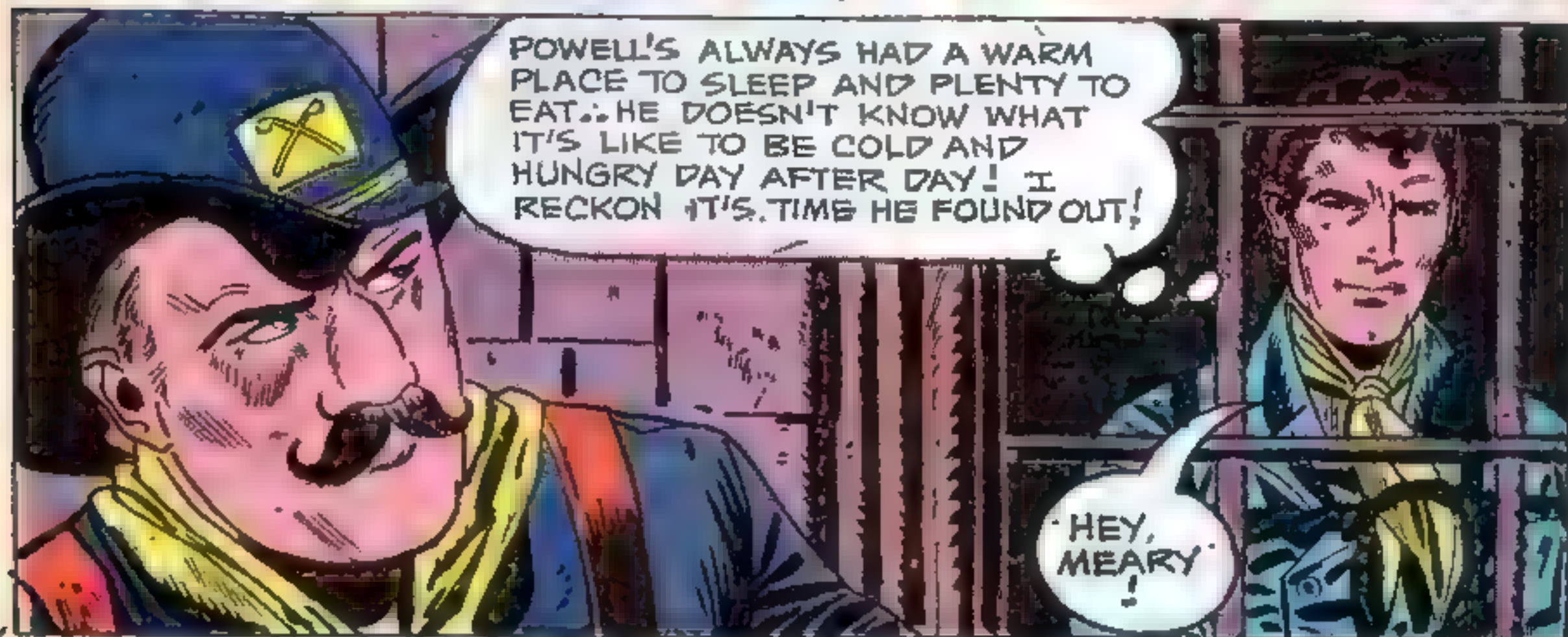
BARR WILL BE SHOWN THE BLUE HILL COUNTRY.. HE'LL THINK WE'RE BEIN' REAL GOOD TO THE KIWAS! AFTER HE LEAVES.. WE'LL HERD 'EM INTO SNAKE VALLEY!

THEY'LL DIE THERE, MEARY!

POWELL WANTS THEM
TO DIE... NOBODY
COULD LIVE OUT THERE!



POWELL'S ALWAYS HAD A WARM
PLACE TO SLEEP AND PLENTY TO
EAT... HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT
IT'S LIKE TO BE COLD AND
HUNGRY DAY AFTER DAY! I
RECKON IT'S TIME HE FOUND OUT!



HEY,
MEARY!

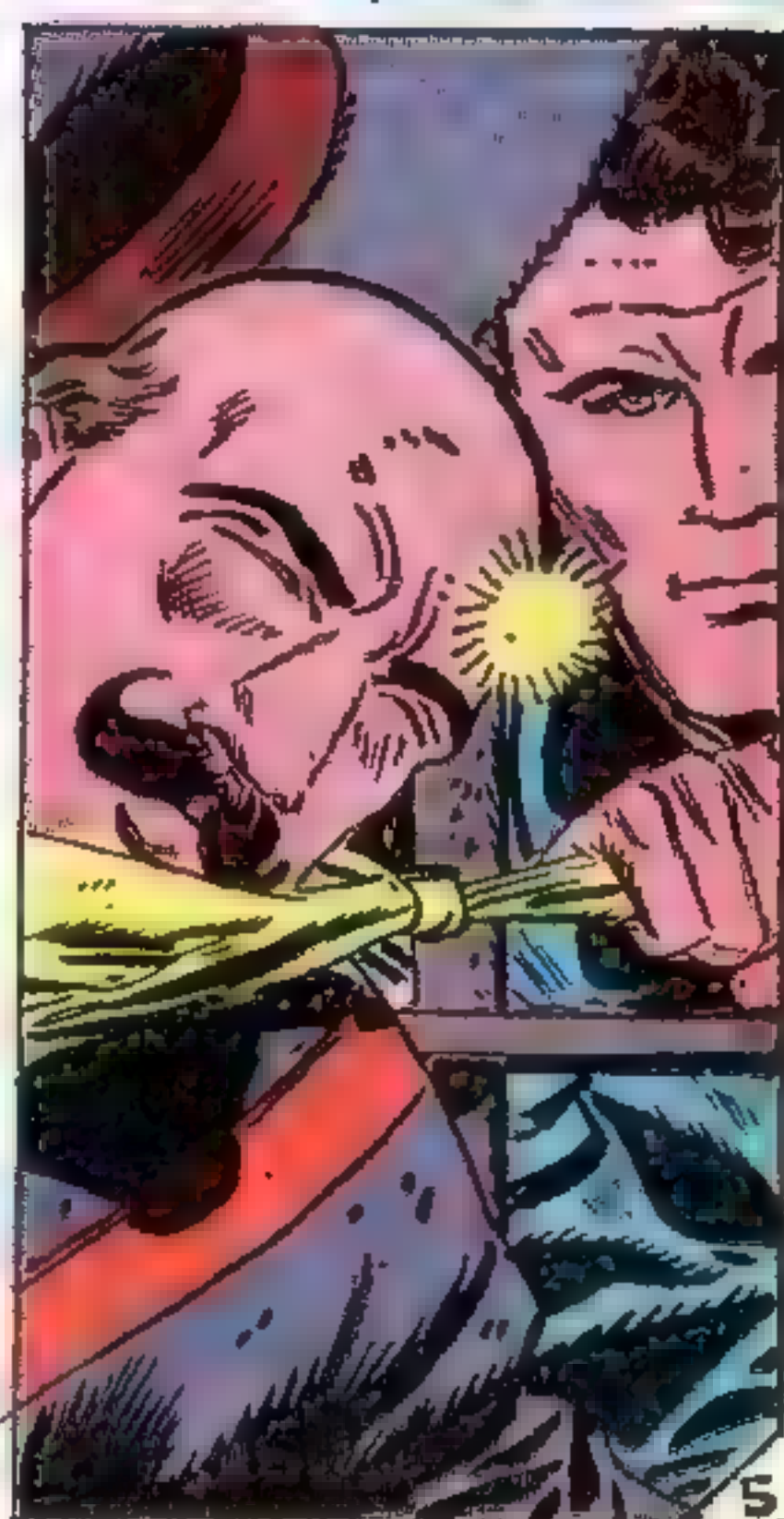
SARGE, WILL
YUH DO ME
A FAVOR...
FOR OLD
TIME'S SAKE!

I'D SOONER
DROP DEAD!



LET
GO...
OR I'LL
KILL
YUH!

YOU WON'T
GET THE
CHANCE,
MEARY!



NOW IF I CAN GET PAST THE SENTRIES!

THE CHEYENNE KID HEADED FOR THE STABLES.. HE SADDLED HIS OWN HORSE AND A SORRY BRUTE FOR THE MAN HE'D HAVE WITH HIM! THEN:

POWELL ALWAYS EATS A BIG DINNER HAS A FEW GLASSES OF WINE... HE'S A SOUND SLEEPER

CLIMB OUTA THERE, POWELL! MAKE ONE SOUND AND I'LL PULL THIS TRIGGER..

CLICK

AT LEAST LET ME GET DRESSED, CHEYENNE!

YUH'RE WEARIN' ALL YUH NEED.. NOW GET OUTSIDE!

FUNNY.. THE COLONEL WENT RIDIN' IN HIS LONG JAWNS!

WE'RE RIDIN' INTOH. HAPPY VALLEY,
POWELL..THE PLACE YUH DESCRIBED
AS IDEAL TO THE INDIAN AGENT!

BUT..WHAT FOR? WE
DON'T HAVE FOOD..OR
WATER..I HAVE NO
WARM CLOTHES!

TAKE ME BACK, CHEYENNE! I'LL
TELL BARR I MADE A MISTAKE..
I'LL GIVE THEM THE BLUE HILLS
RESERVATION!

BARR'S GONNA BE IN THE
TERRITORY AT LEAST A MONTH..
POWELL! WE'VE GOT LOTS
OF TIME!

THE CHEYENNE KID WAS AN
EXPERIENCED PLAINSMAN...
BUT EVEN HE FOUND SURVIVAL
ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE! AND
COL. POWELL WAS SUFFERING
FAR WORSE!

THERE WE
GOT A NICE
FAT RATTLER
FOR DINNER!

NOBODY CAN
LIVE ON JUST
BOILED CACTUS
AND RATTLE-
SNAKE-YOU
FOOL!

THAT'S WHAT YUH
FIGGERED THE KIWAS
WOULD GET, POWELL!

THOSE WOLVES ARE
STARVING TOO..WHAT
IF THEY A..ATTACK US
IN THE NIGHT?

THEY PROBABLY
WON'T, POWELL..
BUT IF IT CAN
HAPPEN TO US..
IT COULD HAPPEN
TO THE KIWAS!

HELP CAME SIXTEEN DAYS LATER..THE KIOWA CHIEF, RUNNING ELK, LED MR. BARR AND A PLATOON ACROSS THE VAST WASTELAND....

THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE POWELL PLANNED YOUR RESERVATION, RUNNING ELK? NO ONE COULD SURVIVE HERE FOR LONG!

WHITE CHIEF WANT ALL INDIANS DEAD!



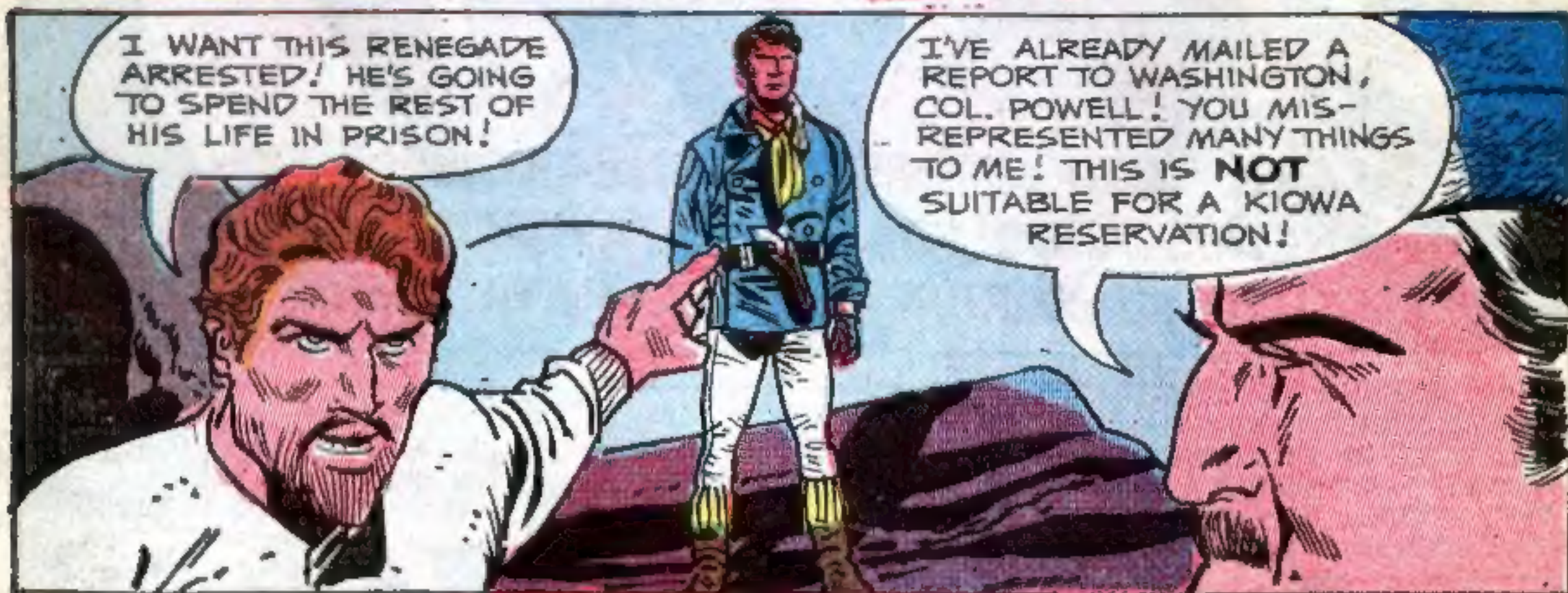
TH-THEY'RE COMING! NOW, YOU'LL PAY FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE - YOU SCOUNDREL!

PROBABLY... BUT I'M STILL GLAD I DID IT!



I WANT THIS RENEGADE ARRESTED! HE'S GOING TO SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE IN PRISON!

I'VE ALREADY MAILED A REPORT TO WASHINGTON, COL. POWELL! YOU MIS-REPRESENTED MANY THINGS TO ME! THIS IS **NOT** SUITABLE FOR A KIOWA RESERVATION!



I AM RECOMMENDING AN INVESTIGATION OF YOUR CONDUCT WHILE IN COMMAND OF THE FORT! I AM ALSO RECOMMENDING THE BLUE HILLS AREA BE AWARDED TO THE KIOWAS FOR THEIR RESERVATION!

!



SO IT ENDED..WITH PEACE FOR A TIME ON THE FRONTIER..AND AT LEAST ONE HEART-LESS SCOUNDREL SENT WHERE HE COULD HARM THE INDIANS NO MORE....

LAST I HEARD, POWELL WAS ANSWERING QUESTIONS IN WASHINGTON, RUNNING ELK!



END

HE IS DEAD..THE
FEVER HAS BURNED
THE LIFE FROM HIS
BODY!

THE LEGEND OF WOVOKA

WOVOKA WAS A PAIUTE INDIAN BORN BEFORE
THE CIVIL WAR..HE BECAME ILL IN 1889 AND
DREAMED A DREAM..THAT THE GREAT SPIRIT
LIFTED HIM INTO THE SKY AND TALKED WITH HIM!

PAT
BOYETTE

HIS SPIRIT WILL GO TO JOIN
THE GREAT SPIRIT IN THE SKY!
HIS LIFE HAS BEEN SAD AND
WITHOUT HOPE! NOW, PERHAPS
HE WILL BE HAPPY!

BUT, ALTHOUGH WOYOKA WAS NOT DEAD...
HIS SPIRIT HAD INDEED GONE TO JOIN THE
GREAT SPIRIT IN THE SKY...

WOVOKA LATER TOLD HIS FRIENDS THAT HE TALKED WITH THE GREAT SPIRIT...



.. AND HE SAW VISIONS OF THE PLAINS INDIANS IN HAPPIER TIMES.. WHEN THERE WERE NO WHITE SOLDIERS TO FIGHT... WHEN LIFE WAS EASIER... AND HIS PEOPLE REJOICED!



THE GREAT SPIRIT SENDS A MESSAGE TO HIS PEOPLE THROUGH ME! THE FIGHTING MUST STOP! WE MUST LEAD THE GOOD LIFE!

SING THE SONG OF THE GREAT SPIRIT... DANCE THE GHOST DANCE WITH ME.. AND OUR ANCESTORS WILL LIVE WITH US AGAIN.. THE BUFFALO WILL DARKEN THE GREAT PLAINS.. AND LIFE WILL BE AS IT ONCE WAS...

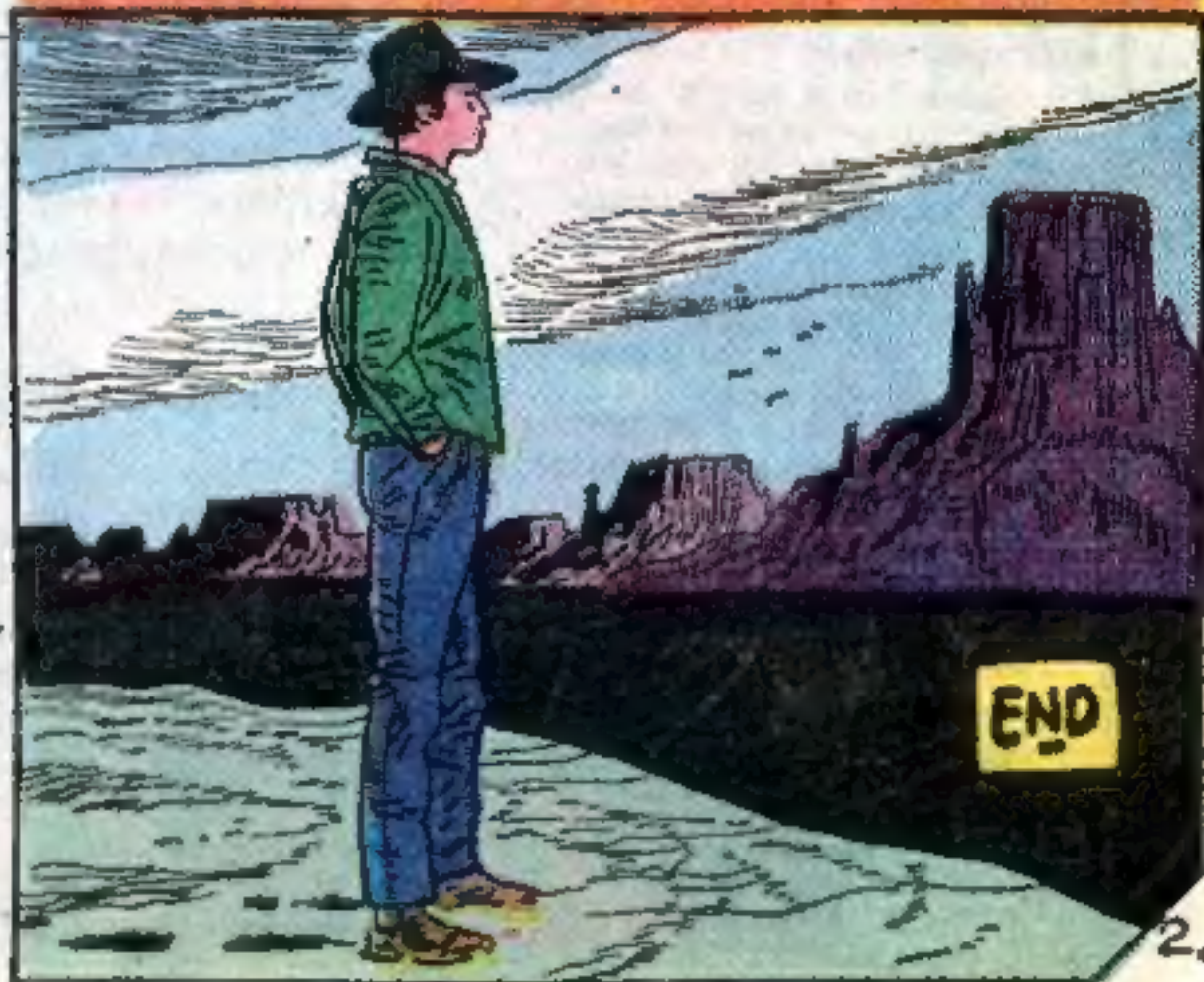


NEWS OF WOYOKA'S VISIONS SPREAD FROM TRIBE TO TRIBE ..WHEN HE WAS BETTER HE TOLD THEM WHAT HE HAD SEEN AND BEEN TOLD.. HE SANG SONGS THE GREAT SPIRIT HAD TAUGHT HIM....

MANY INDIANS BELIEVED WOYOKA ..THE RELIGION OF THE GHOST DANCE WAS BORN.. AND LIFE WAS INDEED BETTER FOR MANY OF THEM...



THIS RELIGION GAVE MANY INDIANS HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.. PERHAPS, NOW.. WITH MORE AND MORE PEOPLE AWARE OF THE PLIGHT OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.. THIS HOPE WILL BEAR FRUIT!



END